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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."'—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

A Bowl of Milk Toast.*

(By Rev. John T. Faris, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

There was a hush in the tenement as it was whispered that Mollie Bendig had had a stroke of paralysis, and was lying helpless in her room—her one room, which had long served her as parlor, bedchamber, and kitchen. Not that it was anything new for Mollie Bendig to be helpless; times without number her neighbors had carried her in from the street in a drunken stupor, from which she had frequently roused long enough to hurl curses at her bearers for their interference.

PAINFULLY SHE STAGGERED UNDER HER BURDEN.

Helplessness of that kind was an every-day occurrence, and it occasioned no comment. But there was a difference to-day, the difference which the shadow of death causes, in palace and in hovel alike.

When the child who had been hurriedly sent for aid returned with the doctor and the visiting nurse from the dispensary at the little church around the corner, the hall was crowded with whispering women.

When the physician, his work done, appeared in the doorway, the silence was unbroken. But he understood the question in their eyes.

'Mrs. Bendig can neither move nor speak, he said. 'It may be she will recover the power of speech in a few days. But she will never walk again. She may live a week, and she may be with you a month or more. There is not much I can do for her. I have told Mrs. Gardner how to look after her. I know you will help.'

Dr. Sandy's confidence was justified. Mrs. Gardner, the visiting nurse, had more proffers of assistance than she could accept. Nearly every one was eager to lend a hand. Mrs. Fogarty, just from the wash-tub, asked to be allowed to sit up the first half of the night. 'It will rest me,' she insisted, when objection was made. 'I'm that tired of going to bed with the sun! A change will do me good.' Mrs. Graves said she intended to take the rest of the night as her share. 'And I'll smash the head of her as says I sha'n't,' she declared.

But there was one woman who took part in neither nursing nor carrying victuals. Mrs. Dolliver did not even go to the door to make inquiries. When some of her housemates expressed surprise, Mrs. Fogarty said:

'Don't you mind that fight Mollie Bendig and Mary Dolliver had last winter—the time Mary got a black eye? I guess she hasn't forgot, not if she has got religion since then. Pretty religion that.'

Mrs. Fogarty's explanation was accepted, and Mrs. Dolliver received many black looks in consequence.

But it was not the memory of the black eye received a year before that was responsible for Mrs. Dolliver's inactivity in her former enemy's behalf. That enmity had been forgotten when at the church near by she had learned to know God who told her to love her enemies. In love for Mrs. Bendig, who was now in such need of assistance, she one day prepared some savory soup. The five cents which she had first expended for meat was one of the few coins drunken Jake Dolliver had allowed her to retain from her own earnings when that morning he went off to the saloon. At noon, when he stumbled in again, the soup was steaming on the table. He reached for it.

'Don't, Jake!' his wife pleaded. 'That's for poor Mrs. Bendig. I'll have your dinner in a jiffy. You know I didn't expect you this noon, or I would have been ready for you.'

Then the storm broke. 'I'll have that soup,' he shouted. 'Don't you keep me waiting for a hussy who's too drunk to get her own food. And I'll have you know you've got to quit feeding other people at my expense. Mind me now; don't you dare take anything to that woman or to anybody else. I'm not going to support all the loafers in the building. A lazy wife is enough of a drag on a hard-working man.' With that he turned to his food.

Without a word Mrs. Dolliver brought her own dinner to her husband, and sat down in the bedroom. If there was nothing for her to eat, she would at least get a little rest before beginning her afternoon work.

But it was not to be. In a few moments her husband stood in the doorway.

'What are you doing there? Get up, and hustle. Think I can support you in idleness?' As he spoke, he pulled the chair from under her, and jerked her to her feet. 'There's plenty to do, I'll have you to know. If you were the kind of wife you ought to be, you'd get out and carry in that coal they've just thrown in the alley. Now I suppose you'll leave that for your poor, tired husband.'

He was turning away when something occurred to him. With a brutal laugh he spoke again. 'I'm going to be generous with you. You get in that coal, and do it right, and I'll let you take a snack to the Bendig woman. Just for once, mind you! I'm not going to have my victuals walked up-stairs when we need them right here. Get it done before I get back, too. I won't be here for supper.'

With a sigh she went to the window. The teamster was just driving away, and the large load of coal almost blocked the alley. How she had saved to buy all that coal at one time! There were one hundred and fifty bushels in the pile; she had noted the figures as she signed the receipt.

'I wish it was in the cellar,' she thought. 'I always have such a time getting Jake to carry it in.'

Then she thought of her husband's last words. If she would carry in the coal herself, he would let her take something to Mrs. Bendig. How she wished she could do it!

*Our readers will be interested in knowing that the following story is, in all essentials, true. Its pathetic and beautiful lesson is thus greatly strengthened.—Editor of 'C. E. World.'

What a joy it would be to go to the invalid and do even a little thing for her! Yet she was so weak after the morning's work, and the work of yesterday, and thousands of other yesterdays. Then there was her rheumatism How could she do such work?

Her heart was warmed, however, to the thought of the delight of helping one who had been her enemy, and the rheumatism seemed to be less acute. So her resolve was taken. 'I'll do it,' she said aloud. 'One hundred and fifty bushels will be only five hours' work if I carry two full buckets at a load. I can get that done to-night, and then I can take up something tasty for supper.'

She hurried to her task. Ironing was postponed. Rheumatism was forgotten. She set her thin lips, and carried the first load. How far she had to go, down the stairs, and through the long, dark cellar! Yet it was not so bad at first as after the first few loads. Then how she ached! And the pile seemed to become no smaller.

Finally, just at dark, she gathered the last lumps. She realized then that she had never before known what utter exhaustion was. She longed to throw herself on the bed, and rest.

But no. She had done the work for a purpose. Her gift must be prepared, and that before her husband's return. He might recall his permission. She dragged herself to the cupboard, and looked within, only to find a part of a loaf of bread and a little butter. As she realized the impossibility of reaping the reward of her industry, she sobbed aloud.

At that moment the milkman knocked at the door, and handed her a half-pint of milk. She took it, and was just setting it on the shelf when she thought:

'Milk toast! Just the thing for Mrs. Bendig. I know she'll like that.'

A moment she looked with longing at the glass which held her supper. Then she rekindled the fire, and prepared the toast, and warmed the milk. As she poured the milk over the toast, she with difficulty refrained from eating the appetizing dish, she was so faint. Resolutely she denied herself, however, and tottered from the room and up the stairs.

Mrs. Fogarty opened the door. She looked surprised as she identified the visitor, who hesitatingly approached the bed.

'Mrs. Bendig, here is a little bite for your supper,' she said as she laid the bowl on the table. 'I'm so sorry you are laid up, and I hope you'll be better soon.'

The invalid's eyes flashed, but not with gratitude. 'It's you, you hussy, is it?' she screamed. 'And you have the face to show yourself here after all these days and nights you've let me alone? I might have died for all of you. O, if only I had my strength, I'd black both eyes for you this time.' And with an oath she ground her teeth in rage.

Poor Mrs. Dolliver shrank from the room, and crept down-stairs. She ate a little dry bread,—her butter had all gone into the toast,—and went to her bed. She was so disappointed! She did not mind the curses—she had been cursed before. But she could not bear the thought that Mrs. Bendig did not know her Saviour's love. And Dr. Sandys had said she might pass away any day. If she could only do something! But what could she do? Why, she could pray! And from that little back room in the tenement a prayer went up to heaven.

'O Lord, save Mollie Bendig!' The petition was repeated again and again. And as she prayed she fell asleep.

A week later there was once more a hush in the tenement. Mollie Bendig was dying.

The word came to the half-drunken hag in the room above the invalid, and she was instantly sobered. It was whispered to the children in the court, and they shrank away, awestricken, to their mothers. It was told to the policeman on the beat, and he stood under the window, and silently threatened every disturber of the dying woman's peace. The news was told to Mrs. Dolliver as she stood at her wash-tub. She groaned aloud.

'And she doesn't know Jesus yet!' she sobbed. Then she fell on her knees. 'O God, save Mollie Bendig,' she pleaded in an agony. O' God, for Jesus' sake save her soul before it is too late.'

Then she rushed up the stairs and into the sick-room. Mrs. Bendig, gasping for breath, saw her at once.

'Take her away!' she whispered hoarsely. 'What is she doing here? Tell her I didn't eat her old toast, and I won't see her.'

Mrs. Fogarty, with a gentle touch—strange to those who knew her—pushed Mrs. Dolliver from the room. 'You poor dear, I'm sorry for you, but you had best go. I know all about that toast. How we have misunderstood you! My man heard what Jake said to you about the coal. She doesn't know.'

Mrs. Fogarty returned to the sick-room with a determined look on her face. 'Mollie Bendig,' she said when she stood by the bed, 'hear me before you die. You've wronged a good woman, a woman who wanted to do something for you so bad that when her man told her she couldn't unless she carried in, from the alley to the cellar, a hundred and fifty bushels of coal, she did it. I saw her staggering under the awful load. Then she brought you the toast made with the milk which should have been her supper. She didn't tell me, but I know. Why did she do it? I don't know how she can, but I guess she loves you—yes, loves you, who've been so mean to her. Well, it must be all along of that religion she got last spring; it makes her do a heap of queer things.'

Mrs. Bendig's eyes had been flashing at the beginning of that speech. When it was ended, they were closed, and her head had fallen on her breast. The watchers thought she was dead, and they looked with accusing eyes at Mrs. Fogarty.

But Mollie Bendig was not dead. She opened her eyes, and, looking at Mrs. Fogarty, tried to speak. Instead of the look of hate they saw a look of longing in her eyes. Again she tried to speak.

'Send—for—Mary—Dolliver,' she whispered.

A moment later Mrs. Dolliver was at her side. Pleading eyes were turned toward her.

'Forgive!' came the whisper, fainter now. 'She—told—me—about—coal — coal — and — toast. You tell — me — about—Him—who—made—you—do—it—for—me. Once—in—Sunday—school — I — knew—him—about—Him. Tell—me—again. I—need—Him—now.'

Five minutes later the soul of Mollie Bendig passed into the presence of her God. And Mary Dolliver was on her knees, thanking Him who had put it into her heart to take to 'one of the least' a bowl of milk toast.

Our Labrador Work.

TWO PATIENTS.

Dear Mr. Editor,—We met with a great disappointment at our next port of call. A party of friends in their yacht from New York, who had come down all this way to meet us, had waited for us here, but had left less than twenty-four hours before for England, having given us up. This vessel had ran in the last ocean race and her beautiful lines, fittings and size had set many tongues wagging, as she came along the coast. We marked the event, however, by a Mushroom Party—that is, we joined some Moravian Brethren stationed here, and went hunting about the only thing that is to be hunted now in that region. It is not generally known yet on the coast how exceedingly esculent are many of the fungi that grow plentifully on our barren shore and in the bushes. The homely Agaricus, it is true ,is absent, and the gourmand might reject the claims of its humbler confrere, but our large red Russulae, and our big brown Boleti, have considerable substance and are an excellent substitute to our palates. Of these we gathered a large basketful besides regaling ourselves on a field of ripe blue berries over which our path led us. The hill climb, the bracing air, and the invigorating appetite as we sat down to tinned deer meat and mushrooms, helped us to forget our disappointment of the morning. The evening was spent designing a fresh-air supply for winter months for a young woman with consumption, a supply which would be available in the bitterest months in winter, the cold air being additionally required as an affection of larynx made sleep often impossible. A large tube for air of a foot in diameter was made to open into an arched awning over the head of the bed, the outer end opening through a hole in the side of the house. The bed was devised on the principle of a sleeping bag, and the nightgown abolished for a warm close-fitting suit. The original idea we got from Dr. J. H. Kellog, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and it appears to us to be a device that ought to be much more widely known and made use of than it at present is. The cold clear air falls directly on the patient's face and a warm soft close fitting cap, with ear flaps if necessary, serves to protect the rest of the head from draughts. It is the nearest approach to the possibility of a sanatorium at home that we could conceive for a cumate like this, and that at small expense.

At our next port of call we had to discipline an Eskimo who, conceiving that the goods in the Moravian Mission's store at Hopedale were deposited for his benefit, had endeavored to act on that understanding. He promised to be good in future, and then shortly returned with a deputation of his brethren to read me a long address in Eskimo. The purport of the address was that the fishing was very poor. The people were not to be allowed unlimited debt at the Moravian store, and they wanted me to know their sad condition. I should have been, I must say, much disturbed, but in years gone by, I have had similar experiences, and the outcome has always been they were helped through somehow. The Brethren have served he Eskimo now for a hundred and thirty odd years, and they know them thoroughly. I was delighted in Dr. Low's official record, to see his warm commendation of the methods they have used. He closes by saying: 'Their method is a kind of parenthood by which they supply food and clothing, taking the product of the hunt very well. There is no premium put upon laziness and false piety as is the case where the missionary makes a free distribution of food and clothing to the natives.' I did not read this to the deputation, however.

A call later to the case of a sick woman gave us an oportunity for a kindness which we appreciated. The woman, who was cook to a large shore crew was 'laying up.' Her husband, who was of the crew, had refused on that account to join his colleagues in an adventurous expedition to the north in search of fish, the fishing being a failure in the immediate neighborhood. Suspicion fell upon her that she was malingering to avoid work, and recrimination and misery were the result. It was quite a relief apparently to all hands to hear she was really seriously ill. Though I have frequently known folks at home to 'enjoy ill-health,' this was the first occasion I can remember when it was a real pleasure to inform a patient it was necessary to at once go to the hospital, in all probability to save life. The denouement, however, was not what one would have expected. For, suffering severely as she really was, she was too timid to act on the advice, and when we left a few hours later, had decided, with her husband's approval, 'to stay where she was and die if it was the Lord's will.' She was a nice woman, but I never had much use for that kind of a husband.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

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Total.. .. ..$ 40.50

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1908.

Golden Text for the Quarter.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.—John i., 14.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 16.—John i., 1-14.
Tuesday, March 17.—John i., 35-51.
Wednesday, March 18.—John iii., 5-21.
Thursday, March 19.—John iv., 19-29.
Friday, March 20.—John v., 1-15.
Saturday, March 21.—John vi., 27-51.
Sunday, March 22.—John ix., 24-41.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

There has been much in the series of this quarter's lessons from the first nine chapters of John that is food for the deepest theological discussion, and it may be wiser with the younger children not to take the lessons up and consider them hurriedly in their regular order, but rather to see what incidents have most strongly impressed them, to correct any faulty impressions these may have made, and to give them their proper setting. Children are so apt to seize on one detail of a story and weave their thoughts about it until it assumes a quite unintentional value. There are two stories that ought to especially interest the children, those of the little boy whom Jesus helped, Lesson vii., and of the little boy who helped Jesus, Lesson ix. These could be used to help explain the quarter's golden text, by showing how Jesus had power over life, as the verse says, 'In him was life,' and just as he cured the little boy who was so ill with fever, he can cure our hearts and cleanse them from sin. Not only will he cure and start us right again, but he will be our guide to show us just as 'light' does the way we should go. This stands for Christ's care for us, of which lesson ix. was an example while he was on earth. Now he is in heaven, however, and just as the little boy was able to help Jesus by giving up his lunch, so we are able in many ways to help Christ to-day. In fact we have to do a great deal more, as Christ has made us his representatives on earth. Christ said 'I am the light of the world' (John viii., 12), but he also said, 'Ye are the light of the world' (Matt. v., 14).

Jesus bids us shine first of all for him
Well he sees and knows it if our light is dim.
He looks down from heaven to see us shine
You in your small corner and I in mine.'

FOR THE SENIORS.

It may be well, bearing in mind the purpose which God had in the writing of this gospel (John xxi., 31), to take up each lesson and using the golden text as an introduction see what witness these lessons have borne to the divinity of Christ,—why John chose to relate these incidents 'that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.' The first golden text, then, is John i., 1—offering the witness of Christ's human life and history, a witness whose undoubted authenticity induces even those who deny the divinity of Christ to admit he was the best man who ever lived. The second golden text, John i., 29, offers the witness of John the Baptist, more forcible perhaps in John's day, as the Baptist was held in the highest honor (Luke xx., 4-6), but as history has brought his name down to our day, a powerful witness still. John i., 45, cites the witness of the Jewish scriptures in prophecy; Psalm 93, 5, the witness of his evident zeal for God; John iii., 16, the witness of God's care and love for the world which must prompt him to find some adequate means for its salvation; John vii., 37, the witness of Christ's power to satisfy, borne to-day by all those who have put their trust in him: John iv., 50, the witness of answered prayer, again a modern experience; Matt. viii., 17, the witness of his gracious deeds, invoked by Christ himself (John v., 36; x., 25, 32, 37, 38; xiv., 10; Matt. xi., 2-6) and recognized in their deep significance by others (John iii., 2; ix., 30-33); along the same line in the ninth golden text, Isa. xl., 11, instancing Christ's power over nature, and John vi., 35, his power to give life; the last is John ix., 5, and this offers the overwhelming witness of the power of Christ in the world for good. All that Christianity has done for the world goes to prove the supernatural power of its founder. Another interesting line of review is in considering Christ's various ways of dealing with the people whom he wished to influence,—by invitation (John i., 3-9), by command (John i., 43), by gracious praise (John i., 4-7), by stern denunciation (John ii., 13-17), by earnest talk on deeper matters (John iii., 3-15), by illustration of every-day matters (John iv., 7-19), by exercising the faith that was strong (John iv., 50; v., 8), or by aiding it where it was weak (John ix., 6). In all we have evidence of Christ's power to understand the needs of varied humanity and his gracious tact in his dealings with men.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 22.—Topic—The wise use of influences. Eccl. iv., 9, 10; Prov. xxvii., 6, 9, 10, 17, 19.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 16.—Healing on the Sabbath. John v., 9.
Tuesday, March 17.—What the Jews said. John v., 10-13.
Wednesday, March 18.—What Jesus said. John v., 14.
Thursday, March 19.—What the Jews did. John v., 15-18.
Friday, March 20.—What Jesus taught. John v., 19-23.
Saturday, March 21.—Christ's word to us. John v., 24.
Sunday, March 22.—Topic—Jesus at Bethesda. John v., 1-19.

How to Understand.

Above all, teach that to understand God's Word we must have God's spirit, and by precept and example train them to ask God's help before reading. How can you do all this? Only by faithful, prayerful study of God's Word, and by daily feeding upon it. If you go before your class with your heart aglow with love for God and his word, your children will catch, at least in some degree, your spirit. No higher testimony was ever paid a teacher than by a little girl who went home and said: 'Mamma, my teacher has seen Jesus.' 'Seeing Jesus' in his holy Word, gives point and meaning to teaching, and brings sure results.—Mrs. J. A. Terhune.

Religious Notes.

Sunday School forces with a continent-wide constituency will gather in Louisville, June 18-23, the occasion being the 12th Triennial Convention of the International Sunday School Association. It is expected that 2,500 delegates and several thousand interested visitors will attend the Convention. The delegates will be chosen by the State, Provincial and Territorial Associations of the United States and Canada, and will be entertained on the 'Harvard' plan, which provides lodging and breakfast free. Others will find ample hotel and boarding accommodations by writing Mr. W. J. Meddis, Todd Building, Louisville, Ky., chairman of the local Committee.

The Programme Committee of which Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, is chairman, promises a feast of good things for Sunday School service. The 'keynote,' of the Convention will be 'Efficiency in Service,' and with that in view there will be intelligent consideration of 'The Lesson System,' 'Missions,' 'Adult Department work,' 'Temperance,' 'Elementary,' 'The Pastors and the Sunday School,' 'The Laymen in the Sunday School,' 'House to House Visitation,' 'The Home Department,' 'Teacher Training,' 'Sunday School Evangelism,' and other phases of organized Sunday School endeavor. Prof. E. O. Excell of Chicago will be musical director for the Convention.

For all information about the Programme write Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, Chairman, 85 Broad Street, Boston, Mass. For all other Convention information, 'ask Marion Lawrance,' General Secretary, 140 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

'Missions' will have an important place on the programme of the 12th International Sunday School Convention at Louisville, Ky., June 18-23. Several sessions will be given to the consideration of the relations of the Sunday School to Missionary work and workers, and some notable features will contribute to the interest and success of the programme.

The officers of the Young People's Missionary Movement will co-operate in the work. Saturday evening, June 20, there will be an attractive exhibition of the moving pictures secured during the past year in the Home Mission Fields and in India, China and Japan, describing actual conditions in these fields. Sunday evening Mr. Robert E. Speer and one other speaker will address a great mass meeting, and Monday morning Rev. J. F. Goucher, D.D., on 'Missionary Instruction in the Sunday School.' Monday afternoon the convention will divide into three Conferences on 'The Individual Sunday School organized for Missionary Work,' these conferences to be conducted by Mr. R. E. Diffendorfer, Mr. E. D. Soper and Rev. J. N. Moore.

The presence of several Missionaries will add interest and value to the consideration of this important subject.

Good tidings come of the organization of a Young People's Missionary Movement both in China and in Korea. At the Centenary Conference in Shanghai a committee was appointed to care for the proper development of work among young people, and this committee has resolved to ask the Mission Boards to send out missionaries specially to develop Sunday Schools and Young People's Societies in their various fields. The Korean missionaries were present in strong force at Shanghai, and they too have formed a committee which has for one of its objects to promote the study of missions in Sunday Schools and other young people's organizations, and generally to foster the interest of the world. Similar steps were taken earlier in the year at several centres in India. These results are due to the visit of Messrs. Earl Taylor and Vickery, delegates from the American Young People's Missionary Movement.

GOOD CANADIAN SPORT

The charming cover of the March 'Pictorial' will interest every boy in Canada who sees it. Not a doubt of it! And the group of eager-faced boys on the ice near the boat will make many a boy wish he had been there, too, and seen the real thing instead of merely looking at the picture. The cover alone will sell many a copy, as our young agents will find. And yet it is full of fine pictures. (See contents in full on another page.)

Already the wideawake ones have orders on file at our office, and many will have sold their first supply for March by the time this is in print. If YOUR order is not in yet, rush it along at once so that you will be promptly attended to.

The sales of the March issue will close the first competition for this year, and there is keen striving for first place. Are you in it? If not, why not?

We hope some day to introduce our boy readers to an active young salesman out in British Columbia. He is the one that said recently: "'Pictorial' sells like hot cakes. Am working for a new spring suit.'

He keeps the ball rolling in two adjacent towns and his order for March would surprise you. Yet he's only just turned twelve. His bonus stamp was made for one town address and he has just earned a stamp (on the premium basis) with the other town address on so that he can stamp the slips, etc., distributed at each place and get all the business that comes from his own pushing efforts. His parents, too, are much interested in his sales and evidently appreciate the training this is giving him.

There is lots of room yet for more boys, so why not send in your name this very day and get a package on credit to start with. We'll trust you. You need send no money with your order. And we will send full instructions, premium list, etc. DO IT NOW.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Write Your Own Character.

(By Mary E. Johnson, in the 'Alliance News,')

He lived in a busy city—this hero of my tale,—
Where strong men strive and conquer, and weak men halt and fail!
But the early youth and manhood of Harry were fair and bright;
He learnt a trade, was skilful, and all seemed going right.

He was gay and jovial by nature—could sing a lively song,
He was quite a popular speaker, for Harry 'could go it strong,'
But the very gifts he was proud of brought danger in their train,
And slowly, but surely, he sank 'neath drink's most fatal chain.

Again and again he was cautioned; his master took him apart,
And spoke to him firmly, but kindly, with words from a Christian heart;
He showed him the evil of drinking, the ruin of hand and brain;
But Harry rejected his counsel—remonstrance was in vain!

At last all patience was ended, but Harry didn't care.
He said, with a sneer and an oath, he'd find work anywhere!
And so he did for a season, for he was skilled of hand,
But again and again he lost it, and how you will understand.

For the foe that worked his ruin was drink—too well we know
That it drags a man from happiness to lowest depths of woe;
And at last, in desperation, he put his pride away,
And sought his former master one bitter, wintry day.

'I've come, sir, to ask you to help me; I've been out of work so long,
But now I've a chance of starting there's just one thing that's wrong;
So I want a few lines from you, sir, to say, my character's good;
I have served you for many years, so I told the firm you would.'

The master took some paper, and, without a word, he wrote,
And handed it over to Harry, who shook his head o'er the note.

'But this is no use to me, sir; you state I am drunken and bad,
Spoil my work, neglect my business, in short, am a wretched cad.'

'I'm afraid it is true,' said the master. 'I have warned you many a day;
But come to my desk yourself, lad, and see what you can say,
Write out your character plainly, and if I can sign it I will,
For if you were steady and sober I know you have plenty of skill.'

So at the desk sat Harry, who seemed deep lost in thought,
But not a word was written—how could he say what he ought?
'I cannot write it,' he muttered, 'the place will have to go,
He will not sign a falsehood, and the truth is no use, I know.'

'Now, Harry,' said the master, 'you see how matters are,
But I trust you may do better, and I will go so far,
I will tell the firm exactly what you have been before,
And assure them of your skilfulness—but stay, I must do more.

'I will tell them, shall I, Harry? that you won't touch drink again;
It has brought you down to poverty, has been your curse and bane;
I will ask them just to try you, to give you work to do,
Now, for your own sake, and the wife's, do keep your promise true.'

The pledge was taken earnestly, a lesson had been taught;
Some needful resolutions made within that space of thought
When Harry tried so vainly his character to write,
And realized at last how far it was from being right.

. . . . . .

It was a hard, hard struggle to keep from drink away,
But with God's help he conquered, and is prosperous to-day.
His home is bright and happy, his wife and children blest
With loving care and comfort, and all seems peace and rest.
But oft he gazes backwards to what as a dream appears,
The wasted opportunities of those wretched by-gone years,
And the turning point, he always says, was when he tried to write
A character to please himself, but could not get it right.

A Brand Plucked From the Fire.

Twenty years ago while employed in a brewery in the city of Toronto I was saved from sin. My besetting sin was drink, and for all these years I have been kept from it, all praise to Him.

One day I was called to the death-bed of the nearest and dearest on earth to me, and as I watched the life pass away from that body I promised her that I would never taste drink again.

I continued on in my occupation bottling and shipping beer for about two months, praying to God to find me an honorable position, and He did so, where I have been employed ever since.

I had promised Him also that I would never allow another drop of intoxicating drink to go down my throat, and one day while knocking the bung out of a keg the beer flew up into my mouth, filling it. I at once cast it out and ran to the hose that was attached to a tap and turned the water on and washed my mouth out in the presence of my fellow workmen, causing a laugh all around.

I positively hate the liquor traffic. It is an evil that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It violates the law of God and men. It desecrates the Sabbath and tramples underfoot the tenderest feelings of humanity.

The saloon is a den of iniquity and a cesspool of sin, it is the cause of men and women falling into drunkards' graves, asylums, prison and poor-houses are being filled, and yet the drunkards' factory is kept running on. Every asylum, prison and poor-house is an argument against the saloon.

When are we going to get rid of this awful monster that lies crouched in almost every corner of our land ready to spring upon its prey. Its prey is our boys who step out with good prospects in life before them, only to become victims of this most awful demon.

WILLIAM RUDDY.

Toronto.

The Pastor and Temperance.

(By Rev. A. B. Bowman.)

The pastor's duties are varied. Some of our pastors are satisfied with their year's work if they make their pastoral visits, attend the prayer-meetings, fill their regular appointments, and hold a protracted meeting at each point on the circuit. Some are satisfied with considerable less than this. Yet, these are but the beginning of the pastor's responsibility. Great reform questions are agitating the public to-day. The pastor should lead the people in these reforms. He should be in the vanguard when battles for reform are on. But our pastors shirk their duties and responsibilities. They take a back seat and instead of leading the people in these reforms look on with indifference. The ministers of other churches, and the people as well, feel that either our pastors are not sincere when they claim to believe in reform, or they are too ignorant of the subject to help, or they are moral cowards. This situation puts a drag on our church and hinders our advancement. The temperance question is the great question to be settled now by the American people. The whole nation is stirred. Churches are stirred. Statesmen are stirred. The fight is on. The saloon must go. What part should our pastors have in the fight?

A SPLENDID BARGAIN!

Sunday School Workers

in Sunday Schools where the 'Northern Messenger' has not been taken, would be greatly interested in a proposition we have to make them for a free distribution for three weeks, or for a longer period, at nominal rates. **NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT.** Those interested in Sunday Schools will confer a favor on all concerned by bringing this advertisement to the notice of one of the officers of any Sunday School where this, the cheapest and best Sunday School Paper, is not being taken. Full particulars sent on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Correspondence

L., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old. We live quite close to the North River. White's bridge is right opposite our house. I have three brothers, one older and two younger than myself, but no sisters. Three of us go to school and have about a mile to walk. Our cousin is the teacher, and we like her very well. We have one grandfather living; he will be eighty-three years old on his birthday. He takes the 'Weekly Witness' and has taken it for a great many years and would not be without it. My oldest brother takes the 'Northern Messenger' and we like it very much. For pets we have a racoon, two cats and a dog, Sanko. We draw him on the sled and then he gets off and draws us.

STERLING A. POLLOCK.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years. I have two little brothers, one is four years old and the other is two years old. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much, especially the Correspondence page. Mother used to take it when she was a little girl and she likes it yet. She used to get subscribers for it. Once she got a Bible and another time she got a gold ring for prizes. My father makes cement tile and brick and also has a knitting machine and knits during the winter months.

WALTER A. MANNING.

J., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I live on a farm about five miles from Napanee. I am in the senior fourth, and intend to try for high school in the summer holidays. I have four dolls and a kitten. I sit with Laura M. at school. She writes to the 'Messenger' also. My birthday is in September.

ELLEDA YOUNG.

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We lost our barn this fall on the first of September. It was an awful sight to see. We lost our chopper, cutting-box, seed-drill, windmill, pulper, all our hay and oats, some hens were burned, and lots of other things that I cannot think of now. We have an engine, boiler, a cross-cut and saw, rip-saw and a lathe. We run all these with the engine. The name of the engine is the Leonard. We made this winter 180 slats. We saw all the logs and chop them too. We have an Edison phonograph and about 100 records. Well, I think I will close. I have written a page now, all but a line or so.

F. A. DAWSON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Tepee.' Clarence Stirtan (age 8), S., Ont.
2. 'Flower.' Roy McConnell (age 8), H., Man.
3. 'Barley.' Russell Robinson (age 9), M., Ont.
4. 'Lily.' Norman Marshall (age 7), E., Alta.
5. 'Cherry Branch.' Cissie Fisher, V., Sask.
6. 'Bunny.' Burton G. Mosher (age 13), K. S., N.S.
7. 'Reindeer.' Vern McClelland (age 9), K., Ont.
8. 'A Fight.' John Robinson (age 10), M., Ont.
9. 'Locomotive.' Fred. Gorham, U.S.A.
10. 'Steam Engine.' Alfred C. Brown (age 10), Jamaica, B.W.I.
11. 'Flower pot.' Grace Stirtan (age 9), S., Ont.
12. 'Clock.' George B. Ker (age 13), Ottawa.
13. 'Flowers.' Maud H., A., Ont.
14. 'Ruffed Grouse.' Ralph Russell (age 11), H., Sask.
15. 'In the Field.' Ruth Murphy, M. F., Ont.
16. 'Biddy.' Arthur M. Johnson (age 10), W., N.S.
17. 'Deer's Head.' Russell Wood (age 8), A., Ont.
18. 'Goat.' Gladys Murphy (age 10), M. F., Ont.
19. 'A Boat.' B. N. Watts (age 10), G. T., P.E.I.
20. 'A Boat.' Roilyn Davidson, M., Ont.
21. 'Plate of Apples.' Etta Martin (age 7), L., Ont.
22. 'The Wooden Gog.' Aluin, Lushes Bight, Nfld.
23. 'Mother's Tea-pot.' Ethelle Knight (age 6), O. S., Ont.
24. 'Flowers.' Ruby G. Parkhouse (age 9), C. H., Ont.
25. 'Flower.' Lorne Elliott (age 11), Toronto.
26. 'A Woman.' Amose Manlow (age 4), L., Wash.
27. 'A Peacock.' Annie V. Rose, K. F., P. Que.
28. 'House.' Joshua Southwell, R., Ont.
29. 'The Meow Family.' Everett Marshall, E., Alta.
30. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Mary B., A., Ont.
31. 'Our House.' Herbert Edwards (age 8), C., Ont.
32. 'A Bachelor's House.' Alexine Manlow (age 13), L., Wash.
33. 'A Trap.' Ruth Murphy, M. F., Ont.
34. 'A House.' Margaret Maceachern (age 10), R. P., P.E.I.
35. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Ernest Bunn, U., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Mildred Helm, R., Ont., answers Amy Bevidett's riddle (February 28)—Because they can't go off without a bow. Mildred has been ill with earache, but we hope that has gone by now. Your riddles have been asked before, Mildred.

Lionel A. Irwin, K., Que., is a pretty busy boy. 'I water the horses, give them their oats, fill the woodbox, and in the summer time, will have to milk some cows.' He has time to make good use of 'a pair of bobs, skiis, and a pair of skates.'

Lulu Cowieson, Q., Ont., has 'a little brother three years old who has just got over the chicken-pox.' Your riddles have been asked, Lulu.

Clarice K., Burk's Falls, Ont., sends two riddles: 1. When is a soldier not half a soldier? 2. What do we often catch but never see?

Fanny Kaiser, S. M., N.S., is 'a great lover of books.' You deserve a big compliment for your good writing, Fanny.

Ethel Houtby, S. C., Ont., says 'I go to business college and am preparing to take a position as stenographer.' Going to be a business woman, eh Ethel?

Nellie Moorhouse and Lulu C., S., Ont., both write little letters. They are two among six girl chums, but don't get too 'cliquey' girls, that's bad.

Laura L. Rose, M. D., N.S., answers Myrtle J. Sider's second riddle (January 31)—herring, and Pearl Hamilton's (February 21)—Because Methuselah's father did not die; he was translated.

Mary and Julia MacEachern, R. P., P.E.I., write to our circle for the first time. There are three boys and three girls in their family.

Josie M. H., and George C. H., Upper Musqut., N.S., send little letters and drawings. Josie has been ill, but we are glad was not too ill to write.

E. M. Dover, S., P.E.I., says they have no Sunday School in winter. This is a question enclosed: In what respects are rivers and waggons alike? A. F. Dover also sends a short letter.

Ruby G. Parkhouse, C. H., Ont., asks, which is correct, six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven? Ruby says 'the last day I went to school I fell on the ice and cut my head very badly? E. R. Parkhouse asks this riddle:—What is the difference between a yellow dog and an orange?

Vida Leney, O., P. Que., asks: What is higher and neater when the head is off?

Ollie MacLean, F. V., N.S., has 'one sick brother and he has a little squirrel.' That is a pretty pet, isn't it?

Flossie Partridge, W. M., Ont., thinks it has been very stormy this winter, but she and her brother have had 'lots of fun sliding down the snow banks.'

Three little letters come together from L. P., Ont., from Frances J. Home, Eliza Shaver, and Florie Dennison, who writes 'to let you know what a good time we are having skating on the ice. There is a pond close to our place and a lot of girls and boys come out skating at night.'

Ethel B. Brodie, and Mary J. Brodie, E., Ont., are cousins who tell about a very successful box social in which they took part, and in which Ethel's papa played the auctioneer. Your riddles have been asked before, Mary.

E. J. W. S., Tryon, P.E.I., is 'pretty busy,' as she has 'a lot of lessons to learn.' That, we fear, is a common complaint, however, Annie McConnell, H., Man., says, 'I go to school all the time and have fine times.' Lessons and 'fine times' can go together after all.

Victoria Wilson, M. F., Ont., lives 'at the waterworks.' That must be very interesting.

Hector McLean Smith, N. P., Man., asks: Why is a banana stand like the sun going down?

Letters were also received from Bessie A. Stratton, K., Ont.; Jessie Degrow, L., Sask.; Ruth; and Gladys Murphy, M. F., Ont.; Ethelle Knight, O. S., Ont.; M. E. D. Tryon, P.E.I.; A. P., Stratford, Ont.; Edna E. Hallman, N. D., Ont.; William N. B., Blind River, Ont.; B. N. Watts, G. T., P.E.I.; Herbert Edwards, C., Ont.; Roselyn Davidson, M., Ont., and Roberta Alexander, Ont. All riddles in these have been asked before.

A request comes from Comber, Ont., for some subjects to be given to write on. It would hardly do to have all the letters on one subject, would it? The main point is to get them as different as possible to each other, but there ought to be a great many subjects to write on, especially now with spring coming. Write about the birds you see, or the animals that are coming out, or the flowers that start growing. Tell why you like a favorite book, or why you don't like one that some one else does like. Tell about a party you went to, or the funny things your baby does, what games you play, and, if you know a new one, how you play it. Why, the world's just full of things to write about! Good times, pretty flowers, good friends, write about anything, except just what everybody else writes about, and see what splendid letters there will be.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Wise Little Shoe.

'My mother always taught me,' said a careful little shoe,
'One simple rule of conduct, which I gladly tell to you;
For I find I fare much better, both friends and foes among,
If I keep my eyes wide open and always told my tongue!'

—'Little Folks.'

John-a-Dreams.

Little John Carleton was so absent-minded that no one ever knew what he was going to do next. 'A regular John-a-Dreams,' declared papa. And the schoolboys were tired of shouting after him:

Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his stocking on,
One shoe off, one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

But, oh, dear me! This dreaming John did far worse things than going to bed with his stockings on. He was always thinking so very hard about something else that he never had had any thoughts left for the thing he was doing, and thus many and varied were his mishaps.

One Sunday morning papa and mamma had company, and the children were going to church alone.

'Now, Bert,' said mamma, 'don't wiggle. And Edith and Dottie, remember and not to whisper. And, oh, John-a-Dreams, please, please, try just this once not to do anything dreadful.'

'Yes, ma,' said John-a-Dreams.

'Better take a nap, Johnnie,' said papa. 'Sleeping dreams are safer than waking ones.'

'Yes, pa,' said John-a-Dreams.

The church was warm and the sermon very long. Just in front of John sat a little old lady, who looked as though she might be a very nice grandma.

'I wish I had a grandma,' thought John, sleepily counting the buttons on the back of her cap.

Pretty soon the old lady began to nod gently. John yawned and tried to count the beads on her bonnet. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven—John-a-Dreams and the little old lady were both asleep.

For a little while they slumbered peacefully, then John-a-Dreams began to dream in earnest. It was twilight in his dream, lovely and cool and still. He was out in the garden watering the nasturtiums. The new moon was shining over his right shoulder.

'I will wish,' said John-a-Dreams.

Suddenly it grew darker, and a cold breeze rustled through the bushes. John-a-Dreams felt queer and shivery. Then something came round the corner of the wall—oh, such a strange something! A wee, fantastic thing it was, and John-a-Dreams thought it must be a hobgoblin. Whether a he hobgoblin or a she hobgoblin he could not tell, but a hobgoblin it certainly was, and coming right after him. He tried to run, but was unable to move. Nearer and nearer came the hobgoblin. John-a-Dreams screamed wildly and hit it in the head with the watering pot.

Then the minister stopped preaching, the girls in the choir giggled, and the whole congregation stared in amazement at the Carleton pew, for John-a-Dreams had knocked on the old lady's bonnet!

Then the cross old sexton came hurrying down the aisle, and carried him, still half asleep, out of the church.

'Oh, John-a-Dreams! John-a-Dreams!' sighed mamma, when she heard the dreadful story.

'Papa said sleeping dreams were safe, but they aren't,' sobbed John.

Then, to every one's surprise, there came a note from the little old lady inviting John to tea.

'I don't want to go! I don't want to go!' cried John, in dismay.

'But you must,' said mamma, 'and you must apologize just as nicely as ever you can.'

So at 5 o'clock a very dejected-looking boy knocked at the old lady's door. And, oh, what a jolly little old lady she was! And what a merry, merry time they had! They sat down to a little round tea table covered with all sorts of goodies. There was honey! There was jam! Before he knew it John was telling his dream about the hobgoblin.

Then how the old lady laughed. 'Now let me tell you my dream,' said she, 'for I was asleep, too, and surely I am old enough to behave better. I dreamed I was taking tea with a nice little old man. We were telling each other story after story of long-ago times, and having such a cozy, comfortable meal! Then I got up to fill the tea kettle, and the little old man hit me in the head with a pink-frosted cake!'

'That was when I hit the hobgoblin!' cried John.

'Yes,' laughed the old lady, 'that was you hitting the hobgoblin.'

'I'm so very, very sorry, ma'am,' said John, remembering his apology.

'Oh, it didn't hurt the bonnet a bit,' said the nice old old lady, 'and next Sunday I'll try to keep awake.'

'So will I,' said John-a-Dreams.—Washington 'Star.'

Lost and Saved.

'There! you old croaking psalm-singer,' exclaimed Jem Beechwood, pointing down to the shining, glistening treasures of the sea, that lay covering the bottom of the fishing smack, 'what d'ye say to them'—and an oath came in—'heaps of silver pennies, I'd like to know? Pray for God's blessing on our expedition, indeed! Blessings be boshed. You stick to your prayings and your poverty, Mark Gainsford, if you choose, and I'll stick to the wits of my clever brains, and the skill of my own two hands. Look there, and see who comes best off. You at your age naught but a fishermen's servant still, and I best-part owner of as jolly a smack as ever put out from harbor, and with a bit of a fortune at my feet!'

So spoke thirty-year old Jem Beechwood; and he folded his powerful arms across his broad chest, and flung up his handsome head with a sneer upon his lip.

There was a pause of some moments: the other man spoke, slowly and heavily:

'"My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth." So says the good Book!'

There was something so deep, so intensely solemn in the speaker's voice, that even Beechwood was held silent while the few sentences were uttered. But the voice ceased, the brief spell was broken, and, with a volley of curses, and a short, hard laugh, he turned away.

'I reckon, old ranter, that a mug of hot coffee 'ull warm you and me up more than your spouting, so we'd best pass along, and see if Bill has got the stove alight.'

'And tell him to trim the lamps and free the anchor,' returned Mark Gainsford, gravely. The master turned back once more to face him, with a glint of keen anxiety suddenly visible in his eyes. Gainsford had a reputation of being the wisest weather-prophet along that coast. Many a life and a boat had been saved by a word from him. But in the present instance his implied warning was received ungraciously enough.

'Why, you old idiot, what are you talking about?' was the rough exclamation. 'It's not a half-hour since you drew up the lamps yourself. There's as good a day-break as one would wish to see.'

'A heavy mist and sea-swell coming upon us fast, if not a dense fog,' said Gainsford, with quiet firmness.

Beechwood cast swift glances around, and, for the first time in the midst of his proud exultation, noted certain tell-tale signs that secretly convinced him his man spoke the truth, but an uncomfortable touch of misgiving only made him bluster the more.

'A fig for your fogs and your mists and your swells,' he retorted, with a snap of the fingers. 'Think I'm going to be done out of the cream of my winnings, now I've got them, by dawdling out here? Not if I know it.'

He raised his voice to a shout.

'Clap on more sail, you fellows, and let us have a fine run home. Extra shillings apiece, and glasses of grog as soon as ever we drop anchor inside.'

'Good for you,' was the reply about; 'count them ours a'ready.'

And in a second all was bustle on board, and, ere a couple of minutes had passed, the smack was fairly racing along before the increasing wind.

'Hurrah! there's for you, Mr. Croaker,' exclaimed the master, with a resounding clap of his hands. But his triumph was premature.

Almost as the words escaped his lips the freshening breeze veered in uncertain fashion, as though undecided which quarter it would choose, and the mist settled down around them, as though a mantle had been suddenly dropped upon them from the sky.

'Shall we drop the anchor?' asked Mark Gainsford. 'We're safer to bide out here in the open a spell than to get too close in shore.

'Hold your jawing, and give advice when you're asked for it,' was the passionate reply. 'Force her ahead, you fellows. Remember your shillings and your grog!'

'Aye, aye,' returned the poor fellows, as foolhardy as their employer; and Mark Gainsford, with a prayer in his heart for those who would not pray for themselves, took his share, and more, in the work ordered to be done.

On they labored through the thick darkness, sound muffled as well as sight. When—suddenly—all wind seemed cut away from them. There came an awful minute.

With the startling swiftness of the lightning flash sounds and sight came back—sounds as though some relentless monster were panting and roaring for the helpless human lives. And sight? Ah! yes. The fog had lifted, and there came death. But a few yards from them on came the great steam-vessel outward bound for the other side of the world.

Never in his life would Mark Gainsford forget the wild, upward fling of the arms, and the fearful cry of the man who at that moment stood beside him.

'Ye shall surely perish,' shrieked Jem Beechwood, as the steamer cut his smack in twain, and cast men and their harvest together into the sea.

Many a day and night thereafter ears burnt hotly, as Jem Beechwood tossed, in delirium, from semi-drowning and a blow on the head in falling, and would assail everyone who came near with the solemn warning:—'If thou forget thy God ye shall surely perish.'

But, by the Father's mercy, Mark Gainsford had been enabled to save his employer for happier days to come.

'Poor fellow,' said a neighbor one day, as he sat out in the sunshine of his little garden, rejoicing in the convalescent's sense of returning strength. He looked up at the commiserating tone.

Poor fellow? You should say happy fellow, now!'

'The visitor looked puzzled. 'Why, you're ruined. Lost all your gains and all your savings.'

'And found the pearl of great price,' was the quiet reply. 'The medicine was a sharp one, but splendid for cure.'

There was a moment's silence, and then, with a smile round to his wife, Jem added—'It is the Lord that giveth power to get wealth. With His help we will work up again, my sweetheart dear.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Syrian Schools.

Miss M. C. Holmes, a missionary of the American Presbyterian Church in Tripoli, Syria, speaking of work for women, said:

The light began to shine for women in Syria when the Christian missionaries went there. Schools were opened; the printing-press was set up; the girls of the so-called Christian sects began to read, and to look through the eyes of books and papers at what their sisters in other lands were doing.

The Mohammedans were invited to send their girls to school. They said! 'No! we can

educate cats just as well as we can educate our daughters!' And one man, who was asked to send his daughter to the new school which had just been established, replied: 'Wouldn't you like to have the cow go along, too?'

The village schools away out in the interior are entering wedges. There was one school started for boys which had an indirect influence on the women. In it was a boy who learned to read the Bible, which was a daily textbook. He took it home and read to his mother at night, until she found that Jesus Christ was her Saviour; and one day, when one of the missionaries was visiting that village and examing the school, this mother came, leading her boy by the hand, and carrying a bunch of wheat on her head. 'Sir,' she said, to the missionary, 'they tell me my boy is a bright boy; that he has learned to read rapidly. There is nothing I can do for my Master, I have only just learned to love Him, but I have brought my boy to you and I want you to teach him to speak for Jesus. If you will send him to school, I will furnish his clothing and his bed.' And then taking the wheat from her head, she said: 'The enemy came to the threshing floor, and took away much of my grain; then the tithe-gatherer took a tithe of what was left; but I bring to you the tithe of what has been left to me, and I want you to take it and educate my boy.' That boy to-day is one of the professors in the Christian college at Beirut. No nation has ever risen above the condition of its women, and what we are trying to do is to Christianize the Syrian women.—'Westminster.'

School Days.

(By Maltbie D. Babcock.)

Lord, let me make this rule,
To think of life as school,
And try my best
To stand the test,
And do my work,
And nothing shirk.

Should some one else outshine
This dullard head of mine,
Should I be sad?
I will be glad.
To do my best
Is Thy behest.

If weary with my book
I cast a wistful look
Where posies grow,
O let me know
That flowers within
Are best to win.

These lessons Thou dost give
To teach me how to live,
To do, to bear,
To get and share,
To work and play
And trust alway.

Though I may not ask,
Thou choose my daily task
I trust hast decreed
The set my need.
Thy pleases Thee,
That shall please me.

A Hymn at a Badger Hunt.

The late Sir John Stainer, the famous organist and composer, was visiting some friends in Gloucestershire on one occasion, when it was proposed to organize a badger hunt in the woods at midnight. Dr. Stainer —he had not then been knighted—expressed a desire to take part in it. At midnight, accordingly, he and a few others tramped to the rendezvous. They were quietly waiting the appearance of the badger, when the approach of morning was heralded by that mysterious light which at that time of year —it was June—begins to be seen about two o'clock. The birds soon began their morning songs, one after another, until all the woodland resounded with praise. For a few moments the little party stood in silence; then Dr. Stainer, raising his hands, exclaimed: 'All that have life and breath sing to the Lord!'—the opening words of Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' 'Let us have the first chorus,' said Dr. Stainer. And so they sang from memory, as well as they could, the first chorus from 'The Hymn of Praise,' Dr. Stainer taking the treble, another the alto, another the tenor, and another the bass. Needless to say, they had no badger hunt.—'Christian Herald.'

The Bible the First Printed Book.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact that the very first use to which the discovery of printing was applied was the production of the Holy Bible. This was accomplished at Mentz, between the years 1450 and 1455. Gutenberg was the inventor of the art, and Faust, a goldsmith, furnished the necessary funds.

The Bible was in two folio volumes, which have been justly praised for the strength and beauty of the paper, the exactness of the register, and the luster of the ink. The work contained 1,282 pages, and—being the first ever printed—of course involved a long period of time, and an immense amount of mental, manual, and mechanical labor; and yet, for a long time after it had been finished and offered for sale, not a human being, save the artists themselves, knew how it had been accomplished.

Of the first printed Bible, eighteen copies are now known to be in existence, four of which are printed on vellum. Two of these are in England, one being in the Grenville collection. Of the fourteen remaining copies, ten are in England, there being a copy in the libraries of Oxford, Edinburgh, and London, and seven in the collections of different noblemen. The vellum copy has been sold as high as $1,400. Thus—as if to mark the noblest purpose to which the art would ever be applied—the first book printed with movable metal types was the Bible.—'Morning Star.'

The Spirit of the Slums.

Granny makes match boxes for a living (?), and is paid at the rate of 2 1-4d. per gross. Her twisted fingers are at work throughout the day and far into the night. She is never idle, except for a few brief moments each day, when she raises her head in order to bestow a smile of welcome upon a casual caller. And Granny, it must be admitted, has many casual callers. She is a universal favorite—a Mother in Israel.

'Shall I git yer bit o' food ready fer ye, Granny?' The question is put by a wan-faced child, little more than a baby, who thrusts a curly head through the partially open door.

Granny beams on the child, and murmurs: 'Come in, deary, out o' the wet.'

'Thort yer would let me.' The child springs through the doorway. 'Yer alwayse does.'

'O' course I does. Ain't yer as much right in 'ere as w'at I 'ave? Yer welcome at any time, providin' yer alwayse go away with a smile on yer face. I couldn't go on makin' these 'ere match-boxes day arter day if I didn't make a few smiles at the same time, so as to balance things up a bit. Stand alongside o' me and 'old on ter this 'ere bit o' colored piper whilst I run some paste over it.'

The child carefully extends the paper, and Granny applies the paste. It would have been quicker and easier to have laid the paper on the deal table, but Granny is a firm believer in individual usefulness. She knows that a feeling of self-importance makes for happiness.

'An' now,' she goes on, applying the paper to the various partially-constructed boxes, 'yer can git a bit o' food art of the cupboard. There ain't much there, on'y the top of a loaf and a scrap o' cold bacon. I don't 'old with eatin' 'ot poultry and trats and sich like'—the old woman smiles—'it's bad fer the stomach, terrible bad. Enough is better than a feast any day—w'en yer can't git one—and there's plinty fer you an' me.'

The child catches at the word 'you,' and smiles expansively as it imbeds itself in her imagination. She skips towards the cupboard and throws open the door.

'Ain't it a big top?' she exclaims, placing the piece of bread on the table; 'an' don't the bacon look a bit o' orlright?'

Granny smiles again, and at the same moment cuts a large slice off the loaf. 'There!' she exclaims, adding a piece of bacon, 'that orter make yer marth water! You just gobble it up while I go on wiv these 'ere boxes. I ain't earned me dinner yit by more than 'arf a gross.'

'Can't I 'elp yer?' the child splutters out, her mouth full of food. 'Can't I 'old the colored piper out fer yer while I'm eatin'?'

Granny, true to her creed, falls in with the suggestion. 'P'raps it ud be as well if yer earned yer dinner,' she observes. 'Eat wiv one 'and and 'old the piper wiv the other.'

The child acts in accordance with the instructions, using her right hand for the most enjoyable part of the work.

'Who can say nah,' the old woman smiles, 'that it ain't possible ter do two things at the same time?'

The child makes answer by re-filling her mouth with bread and bacon, and, as though desirous of turning the conversation into light and airy channels, she refers to the blue, and yellow, and red paper employed in making the match-boxes.

''Ow I should love ter do this work orl day, sittin' 'ere by yer,' she sighs.

'That's w'at most of 'em say,' Granny murmurs.

Her reference to 'most of 'em' explains the sudden appearance of four childish eyes, now peering through the open doorway.

'Come in!' the cry goes forth with a ring of cheerfulness and welcome; and in immediate response the owners of the four eyes step forward, a smile lighting up their pinched faces. 'An' 'ow are 'Arry an' Emily ter-day?' the old woman goes on, addressing the newcomers. 'Yer ain't smilin' as broad as yer should. Come an' ave a bit o' bread an' bacon?'

''Arry' and Emily display great pleasure in accepting the invitation; they make a straight line for the table, and stand with expectant eyes.

''Ere's yours,' a piece of bread and bacon is pushed towards Emily; 'an' 'ere's yours,' another and larger portion falls to ''Arry.' 'But you'll 'ave ter earn it,' Granny adds, 'I want yer ter run round the corner after you've eaten it and see w'at time o' day it is.'

'Thankee,' Emily stammers, her mouth already crammed full. The other is too busy for social observances.

'Nah, I 'ope you chil'ren'—Granny takes in the three with a glance—'worked 'ard w'en yer was at school this mornin'. 'Ard work is the on'y thing w'at will fill yer stomachs in future years. 'Ard work an' smilin' face'll see anybody safe ter the other side; an', given a bit o' luck, it'll lift yer art o' the mire o' these 'ere parts. Tell me, did yer work 'ard at school this morning'?'

Two of the children have their mouths too full for a verbal answer; they therefore nod their heads; whilst the third just manages to stammer out a broken, 'Ye-s, Granny.'

'Then, we'en yer've finished eatin' yer can trot along. Yer needn't trouble abart bringin' back the time o' day—that'll do next time yer look in.' The old woman raises her grey head, and her weary eyes feast upon the now smiling children.

'Good-bye,' she adds. 'Be as good an' as 'appy as yer can.'

The children smiled back their gratitude,

An Open Secret.

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Moreover, the size of the 'Messenger' will be increased if a sufficient quantity of high class advertising makes this possible, and it will also save our having to increase the subscription rate. So that the advertising accomplishes three advantages for the subscriber:—

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and with a hastily muttered 'Good-bye.' leave their benefactress to her work.

. . . . . .

'I shouldn't be surprised,' murmurs 'Arry,' as he carefully closes the door, 'if Granny don't go ter that there place up above w'en she dies—to 'eaven, I mean.'—E. W. Walters, in 'Methodist Times.'

Worship 'For Fashion Sake.'

An incident related by King Alfred the Great of Bishop Aldelme, who lived 200 years before his time, has come down to us through the manuscript of an old Benediction chronicler of the seventeenth century, who writes: 'In King Elfred's (Alfred) time manie of Saint Aldelme's ditties were yet sung in England. One thing related by King Elfred is most worthie of memorie. The people of those times being yet but rude rustike, and verie negligent in the Divine service seemed to come to church but for fashion sake (as many now adaies doe), where they may not long stay, but as soone as the ministerie of masse was done they flocked homeward without anie more adoe. Our prudent Aldelme perceiving this small devotion in the people placed himself on a bridge over which they were to passe from church to their villages, where when the hastie multitude of people came (whose minds were alreadie in their beef-pot at home) he began to put forth his voyce with all the musical art he could and charmed their eares with his songs. For which when he grew to be grateful and plausible to that rude people and perceaved that his songs flowed into their eares and minds to the greate pleasure and contentment of both, he beganne by little and little to mingle his ditties with more serious and holy matters taken out of the holy scripture, and by that means brought them in time to a feeling of devotion and to spende the sundaies and holy daies with farre greater profitt in their owne soules.'—'Christian World' (London).

Take Heed.

It is a serious thing to become a Christian. But those who object to taking the step on that account forget that it is an infinitely more serious thing not to become one. The issues of life—not of this world only, but of the world eternal—depend upon the decision. He who hesitates risks an infinity of blessedness, for 'we know not what a day may bring forth.' A brief delay, an hour, a momen' of indecision, may make decision forever impossible. 'Grasp the present moment, seize it with avidity,' was the advice of a wise man concerning a matter of immeasurably less importance. There is safety and an eternity of happiness in immediate acceptance of Jesus as Saviour and Lord; there is peril, and the possibility of unending separation from the presence of God in putting off the day of salvation.—The 'Examiner.'

On Being Born Poor.

'Do you know what's bothering me no ,' said a man who has made himself rich and is fast getting richer. 'It's wondering what is going to become of my boys.

'I have four sons, all young, and all wholesome, natural youngsters, but if I keep on making money the way I'm doing now I don't know what's going to happen to them when they grow up. There's nothing like being born poor to give a man a real start in life, with his feet firmly planted on the ground, where they ought to be, and he learning to rely on himself.

'I was born that way, and I've always been grateful for it. If I had been born rich I think I should have been more or less of no account. I had to get out and hustle and work to get along, and the habit of work has never left me since, as I hope it never will.

'But how is it going to be about my boys? They may come to think that they don't have to work, which would be ruination of them, or would at least put them out of the running with self-reliant, able men.

'I'm sending them to public school, of course, and there they learn a heap of things besides what they get out of their books. They learn for one valuable lesson that there are other people in the world besides themselves and that there may be plenty of people smarter than they are, and that they've got to work if they expect to keep their end up.

'Boys are democrats. You can't put on any lugs or airs if you expect to get along with the boys in a public school; if you want friends you've got to be friendly. A good all-round start in life it is for boys to go to a public school, and I hope my boys will profit by it.

'But I suppose in time they'll go to a private school, and then if they want to they'll go to college, and there, what with their money, unless they should turn out to be hard-headed young men, they will come to train with other young men with money, and so get separated from the bulk of their fellow-students and begin to live by themselves; and I can't imagine anything happening to a young man worse than that, his getting away from the mass of his fellowmen.

'My boys have never known what it is to be poor. They have always had what they wanted, and unless I should fail or bust up or something, which I don't expect to do, I don't see why they shouldn't always have things, because as long as I had anything I should be sure to keep them. That's human nature.

'And, you see, there's the trouble. They've got somebody to lean on, and a man that doesn't have to isn't apt to put out his own strength. The only way in which a man can ever amount to anything is by work, hard work.

'The man that doesn't work dwindles and comes to be of no account. And I do hope my boys will want to work. I don't care what they do if they'll only work at it, and work hard and faithfully. I think they're handicapped as it is; honest Injun, I think it would have been better for them to have been poor, but I hope they'll turn out to be men.'—New York 'Sun.'

King Olaf's Dog.

History tells us about Olaf, King of Norway, a warlike prince, famous in his day, shortly before the time of the Norman Conquest. And as it was not very difficult in fine weather to get across the sea to Britain it was a temptation to land there to fight and rob the natives.

Then on one excursion of the kind he thought he would go still farther afield, and see what was to be got in Ireland. It was the 'Emerald Isle' even then—and, of course, the shamrock—and there were herds of cattle just what the Norwegian warriors wanted for food.

One large herd had at this time been brought in before the king, but amongst it were certain cows of a poor peasant, who humbly implored that they might be given back to him, as they were his only means of living.

'But how can you tell which are yours?' quoth Olaf.

'Please, sire,' replied the countryman, 'nothing is easier—my dog will know them.'

'Well, then, let him try,' was the answer, and both king and courtiers smiled, incredulous, since to their eyes each one looked like the other.

'Now, Viq,' said the peasant, and with a whisper in his ear of his own native tongue he sent him forth to the herd.

With a rush and a bark and a way of his own he singled out this one and that one till the right number were separated and stood apart, the owner's property intact.

'Well done, noble creature!' cried King Olaf, delighted with his sagacity. 'I must have that dog; I will buy him.'

'Nay, sire,' said the Irishman, 'I could not sell him, for he is more than money's worth to me; but if your Majesty will accept him, take him as a present, and away in your own country they will see how clever and how faithful an Irish dog can be.'

The king took off the gold ornament about his neck and bade him keep it as a remembrance, and Viq became his property. Back to the Norway shore he bore him and prized him much. In many a battle he was by his side—yes, as faithful to a royal master as he had been to a humble one; and, as tradition tells us, he was slain at last in a fight, Olaf's spear having killed an idolater, but not before the idolater had wounded Viq, and so passed away the Irishman's dog.

We hear of our nineteenth century dogs being made useful in many ways, but it is well to cast our minds back to the long ago and see how these noble creatures have a long pedigree of faithfulness, of sagacity, of all that God made them to be, and perhaps it will increase our regard and our kind treatment of them to-day.—'Child's Companion.'

General Booth as a Boy.

'I was a very ordinary schoolboy,' says General Booth, the chief of the Salvation Army; 'never woke up to any ambition to learn until I was well on for twelve years of age. Then I started out, and made some progress; but my schoolboy days were soon brought to an end by my father's failing fortunes, and I had to go to business. My business life was very hard indeed. I worked twelve or thirteen hours every day, with short intermissions for meals. I read the Bible and the writings of the most earnest Christian men and women I could get hold of, as I walked the streets to and from business, and to and from the restaurant where I got

my meals. Then I was speaking in the streets two or three nights every week, and I walked ten or twelve miles every Sunday to preach twice in the villages, and was back to business at seven o'clock on Monday morning.'—The General was converted under the preaching of the Rev. James Caughey, the Methodist revival preacher.

Our Model.

Frank Crossley was an Irish lad who came to seek his living in England. He tried engineering. After failure and hard times, he met at last with great success. In his early manhood he became an intensely earnest, kind-hearted Christian. For instance, a man purchased one of his engines, but it was too small and weak for the intended purpose. He was unable to replace it, and was threatened with bankruptcy. He told his case to Mr. Crossley who promptly replaced the old engine by a new and larger one, without charge, and made up to him his losses in business caused by his own blunder. That man, speaking of Crossley said, 'I have found a man who treated me just as Jesus Christ would have done.'—This, after all, ought to be the model for every man,—Jesus Christ.—'Onward.'

God's Promises.

Suppose that a poor ragged boy goes to the house of a rich farmer near you. The farmer has compassion on him, gives him a good dinner, and tells him that he will get him clothed as well. So he gives him a letter to a well-known clothes merchant in the town near at hand, asking the merchant to give this boy—the bearer—coat, waistcoat, trousers, shirt, cap, shoes, and stockings, for which he will be responsible, and signs his name. The boy goes to the shop. Perhaps as he walks along toward it, he begins to think with himself—I am ragged and poor, and have no money. The shopman does not know me. He will not give me the goods. It is all folly for me to go in and ask them. So he walks backward and forward in front of the shop for a time, sometimes thinking he will go in and try, and at other times thinking it would be utter folly. At last unbelief gets the victory. He walks away, and leaves the place, and so loses all the things from want of faith. If he had only gone in, and presented the letter, the merchant would have been glad to give him everything mentioned in it, even though he knew nothing about him personally, for the rich farmer's sake. It was the farmer who asked, and not merely the boy. Reader, do you understand this, that though you are poor and needy, when you ask in the name of Jesus for things he has promised, it is Jesus who asks, and God will give you everything he has promised, in his name?—William J. Patton.

About Our Premiums.

We have a large variety of miscellaneous premiums, as well as the ever popular Bibles and other book premiums. Write us for particulars, also sample papers to show your friends.

We give just one premium offer as sample.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

Watch this corner again next issue.

The Victor.

(By Ed. F. Church.)

This mighty world is but a battlefield,
On which the conflicts of a life are fought;
Where victor cries unto the vanquished,
Yield!

Within our breast in tumult surging high,
The same long silent struggles: A weary strife
Against dark, treacherous foes, from which, to die,
Doth not redeem the life.

And yet a secret lies within our heart,
Which but to know is wondrous force bestowed,
A spring that strength eternal does impart;
Hast thou found where it flowed?

See now how calm and dignified
The victor stands, his spirit all aglow.
Go ask him where his enemy hath died,
If you this truth would know.

Upon his face no mark of selfish lust,
No spiteful bickerings do shadow there,
All petty strifes to him are but disgust,
His brow serenely fair.

'Thou son of Conquerors tell us whence thy strength!
How is it that thou winnest all thy fight?
Thy body seemeth not of bulk or length,
To force thy foes to flight.'

The victor smiles: A quiet reigns,
Whilst yet ye hang upon expectancy,
A voice speaks low: 'Tis love that never deigns
To be content with bonds of galling chains.

'Tis God's redeeming love that makes my soul
Sure that this God will help me reach the goal,
And with this love to keep me free from sin,
There is no fight that God and I can't win.'

A Marvellous Tree.

Have you ever wondered when you will stop hearing of the wonders of nature? A very marvellous tree grows in Mexico, and is called the maguey. It actually supplies a needle and thread all ready for use! At the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be carefully drawn from its sheath; at the same time it slowly unwinds the thread, a smooth, strong fiber attached to the needle, and which may be drawn out to great length. —New York 'Herald.'

Saved by Discipline—A Story.

(By Edgar White.)

Some workingmen were setting in place the heavy stone cornice on the top of a four-story building in a Western town. Ropes had been stretched around the walk below to prevent pedestrians from venturing on the dangerous territory. But a careless teamster had run against one of the stakes and for a while the guard rope lay on the ground unnoticed. A man Walking leisurely along, as if in study, stepped on the granitoid alongside the building where the improvements were being made. Suddenly he heard the crashing of timbers above and cries of dismay. But louder than all the rest was the brief authoritative command of the military:

'Halt!'

The pedestrian instantly stopped, straightened up and became rigid. Almost with the act a great stone crashed to the walk hardly three feet ahead of him. The man didn't move until he looked up. Then the workman aloft, who had given the order, called down:

'You're all right now, cap'n; lucky you obeyed orders.'

Out of all the yells and the hubbub the soldier had regarded only the command which he had been trained, and he gave it instant heed. That alone saved his life, for in the mild medley of other cries there was no suggestion by which he could profit.

The captain sought out the workman who had given the timely warning, and learned he had been a soldier in the Philippines. The captain had also served there, and the soldier had recognized him when he saw him coming up the walk. So his choice of direction was not a chance.

There a bond was formed between the two men, and though their respective business interests kept them widely apart, they corresponded regularly, and the captain made it a rule every Christmas to remember the workman and his family with some token of the season.

During the hard times that came with the close of 1907 a large number of workmen in all parts of the country were thrown out of employment. Some of them, discouraged at their repeated failures to obtain work, sought such freedom from worry as could be found in the taverns where liquor was kept.

One cold day following hard on the heels of Christmas a man stood on a Broadway corner near the elevated road, St. Louis. His garments were sadly frayed and the bare hands were thrust deep in the pockets of the rusty trousers. As he looked up and down the icy street and noted the indifferent crowds passing by him, his face hardened. He felt lonesome and forsaken, and there is no place on earth so lonesome as a great city where you have no friends. The bare hand clutched a dime. Turning from the callous crowd the man walked resolutely down a side street until he came to 'The Elevated Bar.' Inside he could hear the merry jests of the drinkers, and the tinkle of a music box. There was holly and mistletoe among the bottles in the show windows. Ten cents would purchase at least an hour of cheer, and it was awfully desolate outside. The man's hands reached for the outer door.

'Halt!'

He straightened up and touched his hat. The man who gave the order was some years older than himself, but well dressed and of prosperous appearance.

'Attention, company! Right about, face! Form twos! Forward march! Hep! Hep! Hep!'

Silently the two marched with even step up to Broadway, out of danger, and the captain gave the order to 'Break ranks!'

'Comrade,' he said, laying a kindly hand upon the other's shoulder, 'why didn't you let me know what you were up against. Did you think I'd forget?'

'I was retreating under fire,' said the soldier-workman; 'I'm a coward.'

'Not so; when I ordered you back to the firing line you went there,' returned the captain, taking his companion's arm, and starting up street. 'Now, my boy, you're going to fight this battle out and I'm going to help you. I know where there's good work in your line and you shall have it. Meanwhile you'll dine with me and we'll talk it over. We've won another victory and we'll enjoy our rations. But let us never forget our watchword.'

'"Halt!"' said the soldier, with a shudder; 'not while life lasts.'—The 'Advance.'

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LITTLE FOLKS

Major Paddlefoot.

Major Paddlefoot lived with Aunt Hepzibah Dunn. He was a rather crusty old fellow, and disliked children beyond everything, and those who visited at Aunt Hepzibah's were cautious about making a very close acquaintance with him. He had lost one eye in battle when younger; but the other one did duty for two very admirably, and wary indeed must be the boy or girl who could pry about his private apartments without getting caught and paying dear for the liberty taken.

Although a seemingly well meaning parent, he was a tyrant in his family, and poor Mrs. Paddlefoot

had little to say for herself, but went about very meekly in a gray gown, assenting to all he said. And he was forever talking, beginning nobody knows at what time in the morning, waking up the entire Paddlefoot family, getting them into a perfect powwow, and disturbing the whole house, so that it was a mercy if one got a wink of sleep after midnight.

I wondered at Aunt Hepzibah's patience with the Major; but he had lived with her many years, and she had got used to his clacking. Besides, he and his family brought much profit to her in down, feathers, and plump, yellow goslings every year.

Yes, indeed, the Major was a huge, fierce old gander with a coat as white and glistening as the snow, wide-spreading red feet always looking nearly frozen, and a beak that had the grip of a pair of pinchers.

One spring little Mercy Tucker came to visit Aunt Hepzibah, and it was just the season when Major Paddlefoot was bringing out a large family, the tenth in the course of his life. It was a trying period, and he was cross. All day he stood by the goose house door with his long neck stretched high and his one eye out for danger. Mercy wanted to look at and pet the little downy balls under the old goose's wings; but the Major promptly seized her black-stockinged leg, bit like a dragon, and drubbed her with his broad wings till Aunt Hepzibah ran out and beat him off with the broom.

Although the Major kept watch all day, he slept—where do you think?—in a shallow pool back of the barn, where all night he sat amidst the stars and the new moon that winked and shone up at him from the clear, icy pool till he hid his head in his snowy feathers and went to sleep.

One night, the first of April, the weather was very cold, and the next morning when Mercy went out Major Paddlefoot was not at his post. She looked in the goose house, the pig house, and at the corncrib, where he used often to take early breakfast, but the Major was not to be seen. Then she ran out to the pool, and lo! there he still sat. While he had slept, Jack Frost had tucked him into his bed so snugly that he could not get out, but he ran out his long neck at her and hissed like a great snake. However, she did not fear him now, and was in no hurry to release him. So Mercy went back to Mrs. Goose, examined her family at leisure, then took a short rope, made a big noose in it, and returned to the pool.

The anxious Major was now calling loudly for assistance, and Mercy edging up as near as she dared, threw the noose over him and ran with the other end of the rope in her hand.

'Hiss! S-s-s-s-s! Qu-a-a-a-ark!' Out came the Major topsyturvy, his big red feet flying up, leaving a thick row of white feathers all around the hole in which he had sat. Then he waddled off, scolding and hissing and shaking his wings, to relate the affair to Mrs. Paddlefoot.—Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Child's Hour.'

When the Train Goes by.

Outside.

There's a tiny column of smoke that grows
Bigger and bigger way down the track;
There's a long-drawn shriek that the mountain throws
From hill to hill, and they throw it back.
There's a distant rumble that swells and spreads
In the trembling air till the echoes die:
'Whoo-oo-te-toot!' How the cinders shoot!
A rush and a roar, and the train goes by!

Inside.

Look how the bushes wave and bend
And fling their arms in the sudden breeze;
The wonderful whirlwind seems to send
A thrill through even the stately trees.
Bright rails whistle 'neath flying wheels;
Telegraph poles are running; why,
The houses race and the barns give chase—
Oh, what a stir when the train goes by!

Gay little faces are peering out
From the windows of houses and windows of train;

Handkerchiefs wave and voices shout,
And the engine screams to the cars again.
The horses and cows are so surprised,
The doggies bark and the babies cry.
'Chook-a-chong-chong!' What a lovely song!
Isn't it grand when the train goes by?

—Nannie Byrd Turner, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Miss Kitten Proves Her Skill as a Nurse.

A friend of mine once raised a puppy and a kitten together, says an exchange. She said they grew fond of each other. They ate out of the same dish, slept in the same bed, in short, were inseparable. When they grew up the dog was considerably larger than the cat, but was always more gentle in his treatment of her. If the cat was wanted, and could not be found, it was only necessary to say to the dog: 'Go and get kitty,' and off he would trot to find his playmate, soon bringing her back in his mouth, as a mother cat carries her kitten.

One day the dog jumped from a second-story window and broke his leg. A more sympathetic and devoted nurse than the cat would have been hard to find. She would lie by the hour with the dog's head resting on her paws, occasionally licking his face as if to comfort him.

When he began to feel some better she took it upon herself to entertain him, and kept the members of the household convulsed with the comical antics and capers that she cut before his bed in the hope of cheering his fallen spirits.—'Buffalo Express.'

Making the Best of it.

A dear little girl, only three years old, brought out her very nicest playthings to amuse a homesick cousin. Among the rest was a little trunk with bands of silk paper for straps, but careless little Freddie tipped the lid too far back and broke it off.

He burst out with a cry of fright, but little Mamie, with her own eyes full of tears, said: 'Never mind, Freddie; just see what a nice little cradle the top will make!'

Keep a happy, cheerful heart, children, and you will be like sunbeams wherever you go.—Jewels.

DID YOU EVER ROLL A SNOWBALL AS LARGE AS OURS?

The Beautiful Land of Nod.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear—
Your head like the golden rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.

Away from life's hurry and flurry and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom;
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together,
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut your eyes and fold your hands—
Your hands like the leaves of a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.

On the north and west they are bounded by rest,
On the south and the east by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes—
Those eyes like a bright blue-bell—
And we will sail out under starlit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.

Down the river of sleep our bark shall sweep
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.

I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God;
Then ho! for that fair land, we are off for that fair land—
That beautiful Land of Nod.

HOUSEHOLD.

He Chose This Path for Thee.

He chose this path for thee.
No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here;
He knew the way was rough and desolate,
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear;
Yet how tenderly He whispered, 'Child, I see
This path is best for thee.'

He chose this path for thee.
And well He knew sharp thorns would tear thy feet,
Knew how branches would obstruct the way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;
And still the whisper echoed, 'Yes, I see
This path is best for thee.'

He chose this path for thee.
And well He knew that thou must tread alone
Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing stream;
Knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbing moan,
'Dear Lord, to wake, and find it all a dream.'
Love scanned it all, yet still could say, 'I see
This path is best for thee.'

He chose this path for thee.
E'en while he knew the fearful midnight gloom
Thy timid, shrinking soul must travel through;
How towering rocks would oft before thee loom,
And phantoms grim would meet thy frightened view;
Still comes the whisper, 'My beloved, I see
This path is best for thee.'

He chose this path for thee.
What needst thou more, this sweeter truth to know,
That along these strange, bewildering ways,
O'er rock steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee 'all the days,"
A few steps more, and thyself shall see
This path is best for thee.'

—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Rich Men and Well-to-do Men's Children.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a late speech gives his estimate 'from fifty years' observation' of rich men's sons in these really portentous words:

'The most serious disadvantage under which the very rich have labored is the bringing up of children. It is well nigh impossible for a very rich man to develop his children from the habits of indifference and laziness. These children are so situated that they have no opportunity of doing productive labor and do nothing for themselves, parents, brothers and sisters, no one acquiring the habit of work. In striking contrast are the farmer's children, who co-operate at tender years in the work of the household.'

This is the testimony of a competent witness; for who in the United States has been brought into contact with so many rich men's sons, or so many fathers of rich men's sons?

Something quite as bad in its effects is the fact that men only moderately rich find a similar difficulty. And worse than this, preachers, doctors, educators and clerks with good salaries find it very difficult to induce their children to realize the need of learning how to work or to love work; too often they live beyond their means, their children associate with the sons and daughters of the rich, and while a large majority do well (though often later in life than do those who feel the spur of necessity from the outset), the majority would rather drift through college or boarding school, drift into business or a profession, and drift afterward; and at last, when thrown on their own resources and finding them inadequate, they wonder why the fates are against them.

Such facts should lead all to reflection, and the best situated young man should feel that he must make his way in the world, and that if he is indolent, dissipated, or helpless, he will lower the reputation of the stock from which he came.—'Christian Advocate.'

More Than She Knew.

She was a farmer's wife, and all the cares that fall upon the women on a farm came to her. She was busy all day milking and cooking, sweeping and mending. She had no time to engage in Church work, even if she had been able. But she felt she was not equal to it. She attended Sunday School, but took no audible part in the lesson. She sat in Church regularly, and gave freely of her butter-and-egg money to missions. She could not pray or speak in the women's meetings; nay, she could not find even voice enough to read aloud a text of Scripture. How could she work for the Lord, except live her life as in his sight? One day she spoke to her chore boy, a German immigrant, 'William, have you a Bible?' No, he had not. 'Would you like to have one?' William thought he would. The next time she went to town she bought a Bible as a gift for William. All winter long he spent his evening spelling out the sentences in his English Bible. When the spring communion service was held he came before the Church session for examination for membership. He was the only one who united with the Church, and the pastor and his faithful officers felt discouraged. The next year he asked for his certificate. He had obtained a position in a pork-packing establishment, and was leaving for the city. 'That,' said the pastor to himself, 'will be the end of William. He'll simply be swallowed up and drift away from the Church.'

Some years afterward the pastor attended a meeting of synod in the city where William had gone. He remembered the boy, and went to the pastor to whose care William had been committed.

'I sent your Church a boy ten years ago, and I have often wondered what became of him. His name was William B——. Did you ever hear of him?'

'William B——!' exclaimed the other. 'Why, sir, William B—— is my right-hand man. Were it not for the assistance he gives me, I could not preach the gospel in South C—— to-day.'—'Presbyterian.'

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"(Signed) STRATHCONA."

Part of a letter received by the Editor of the 'Canadian Pictorial' from the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona High Commissioner of Canada in London.

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Another Little Wave.

Another little wave upon the sea of life,
Another soul to save amid the sea of strife;
Two more little feet to walk the dusty road,
To choose where two paths meet—the narrow and the broad.

Two more little hands to work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes, another little will;
Another heart to love, receiving love again;
And so the baby came, a thing of joy and pain.

—Mrs. Lucy E. Ackerman.

The Wisdom of not Noticing.

Children often suffer (and make their families suffer likewise) from what may be termed epidemics of naughtiness. They take up some detestable little trick of speech or behaviour, and, so to speak, make a fad of it for the time being. As one bright woman expressed it, they 'come down with the dumps or the don't-want-tos as they come down with the mumps or the measles. You have to put up with it till it has run its course.'

This was a common-sense way of looking at it, and one that any mother would be the better off for imitating. The other and commoner way is to notice everything and worry over it and nag the little ones with hourly antidotes on purpose not to let the little ailment 'have its course.' Needless to say, the treatment is not successful, and you probably have an irritated and fractious patient on your hands, as well as a feverish one.

What is true of the children is true also of the older people. The wisdom of not noticing is the basal secret of the art of living together. Like as it is with faery folk.

'—talking of them overmuch . . .
May bring all kinds of evil on a house.'

—'Christian Age.'

Home.

Christian women, when your husbands and sons return to you in the evening, after buffeting the waves of the world, let them find in your homes a haven of rest. Do not pour into the bleeding wounds of their hearts the gall of bitter words, but rather the oils of gladness and consolation. Be fond of your homes. Be attached to your homes. Make them comfortable. Let peace and order and tranquility and temperance abound there.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Make Childhood Sweet.

Love is the keynote that will set every energy into action. If your child loves you, it will try to please you.

Do not take it for granted that, because you love your children, those children by the very laws of nature will love you. No greater mistake was ever made. Love is the fulfilling of the law. Jesus said, 'If you love me keep my commandments.' Now it is a parent's duty to awaken love in the children, to cultivate it, nourish it, see that it has the sunshine and the gentle, loving influence of a christian home. No more can this plant of love grow by force than can one of your house plants that you have lost patience with, if because of its unsatisfactory progress, you shake it, cuff it, strip off some of the leaves and tear some of the roots.

These little lives were placed in our care to cultivate and not crush. What we call stubbornness is called perseverance later in life, and the more of it the better, for without it success is impossible. Correct your children of course; teach them right from wrong, but be slow to punish.

Make childhood sweet, that whatever sorrow may befall them through life's journey childhood days may bring back loving remembrances and will be a solace to the troubled heart.—'Homestead.'

Her Influence.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cozy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirit. We are all weary with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large troubles, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.—'Weekly Wisconsin.'

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

Abide With Us.

Abide with us; the day is spent,
The dark, still night draws near;
The radiant setting sun has lent
A transient brightness here;
It fades, it dies, the skies grow gray;
Good Master, hasten not away.

If we have tried thy love to-day,
Or striven 'gainst thy will,
Remember not our sins, we pray,
Be patient with us still.
Forsake us not, O Lord, when we
Turn, with repentant hearts, to thee.

Our lives are weary at the best,
And full of care, our strivings fail;
We labor and we have no rest;
Though joys be many, fears prevail.
Abide thou in our hearts, that we
May bear our ills more patiently.

—F. L. Hildreth.

Teaches the Truth.

(By May Myrtle French, in the 'Homestead.')

One of the hardest tasks for the mother is that of teaching her wee ones to know and speak the truth. Even if she herself never threatens to call a policeman or give away a naughty little son or daughter to the bad man, there are sure to be friends and relatives who are less careful. Who has not seen the bachelor uncle or friend, or the foolish woman who delights to tease the child, and how many of the teasing things they say have the stamp of truth?

I know of a case where a mother who was obliged to help her husband in a photo gallery and have her two little ones there also most of the daytime, used to plead with a friend not to tease her little four-year-old by threatening to cut off his ears. He soon had the child really afraid of him, but in spite of this and the mother's pleadings the man persisted in his fun. One day as the tormenter came toward the boy with his usual threat, the child turned like a flash to an open closet in which were kept strips of picture molding, and seizing a piece as large as his childish strength could manage, he struck blindly at the face of the funny (?) man. The blow was severe enough to cure one man of his desire to tease small boys in just that fashion. The mother who told me of the incident said: 'Of course I had to punish little son, but secretly I thought the man got just what he deserved.'

What regard for truth can be maintained if grown people persistently misuse the truth. I have seen children when their mother said she would whip them for any misdeed, go calmly on as if nothing had been said. When asked if they did not fear a whipping, they with a scorn utterly unchildish made reply: 'Aw, she don't mean it, she's just trying to scare us.'

Men think it is very funny to send a small boy trotting all over town to get a 'left-handed wrench,' or a 'three-cornered square rat-tail file,' making a laughing stock of the would-be helpful child. Only a 'kid' is he? Yes, but you know that a 'cat may look at a king' to use an old saying in a rather unfair sense, and who knows all the cat thinks of His Majesty? The boy soon gets sharp, and says and does some very clever things—but is it good for him?

I know one such little fellow who had been teased until he had grown wise, and one day his mother sent him to a nearby store to get change for a bill. After the man had obliged him, he said to the small man: 'That silver I gave you was all counterfeit,' and the boy retorted smartly: 'So was the bill I gave you, so we're even.'

Another way in which many people teach their small ones to disregard the truth is to allow lying in such fun as April-fooling. My mother used to have the rule that we could fool each other in any innocent way on that day, but when meanness or lying had to enter into our fun, there was to be no more fooling for the year. And as my mother always meant what she said we soon learned to be very careful. And really we found there were so many ways to have jolly good 'fools' that we, I think, lost our desire to falsify for the sake of 'catching' another.

'But,' says a careful mother, almost in tears, 'I do try to keep them from teasing or threatening my child, but unless I really make them angry, there are some of my friends who will never understand that I am really in earnest.'

Then my dear mother, make them angry, and let the job be thorough. I say, and I solemnly mean it, that I would rather lose the regard of my best friend, or any relative I have on earth, including my own mother, and this is a startling thing to say, than run the risk of ruining my child's moral nature. You have the supreme right in training of the little ones intrusted to your care, and surely their well-being is paramount to any other interest.

'I didn't think' has more to do with this matter of meaningless untruth teaching than has anything else. Let's all put on our thinking-caps from here forth, mothers and fathers.

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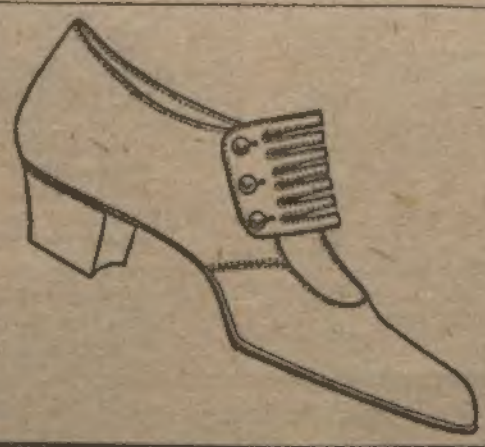

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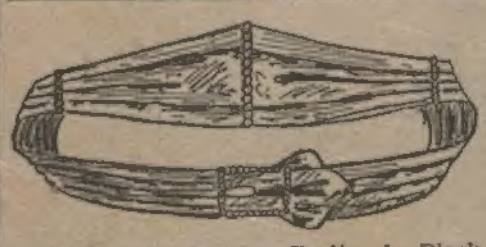

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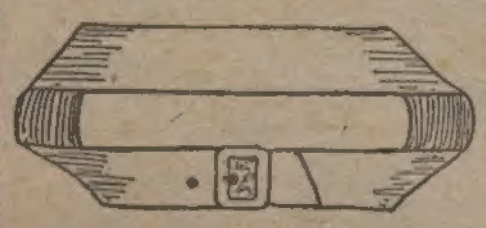

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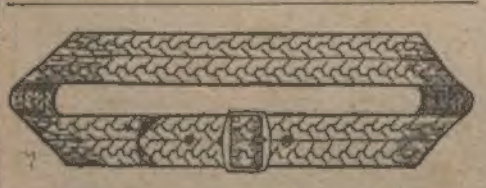

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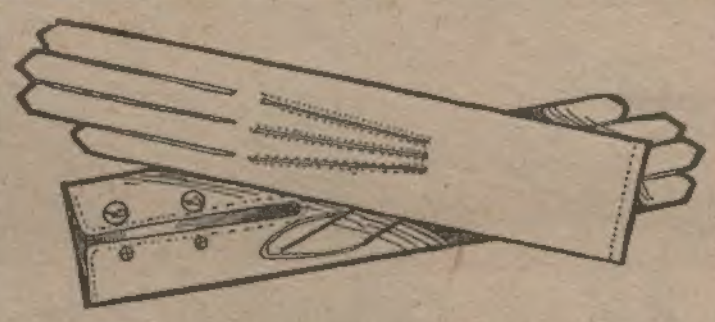

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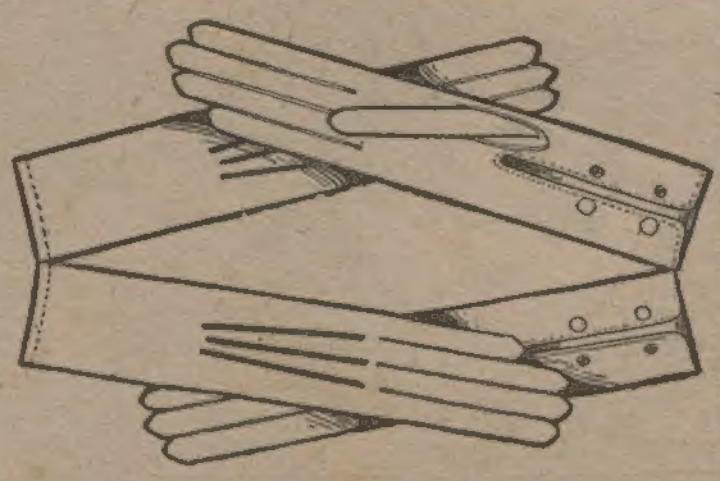

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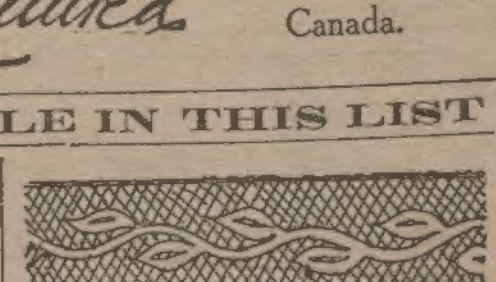
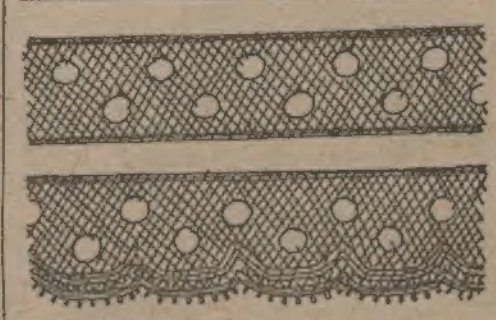
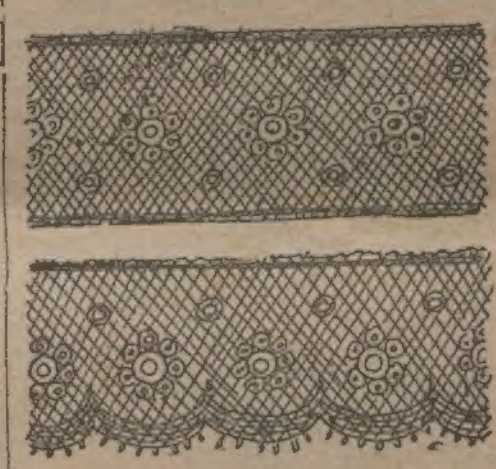


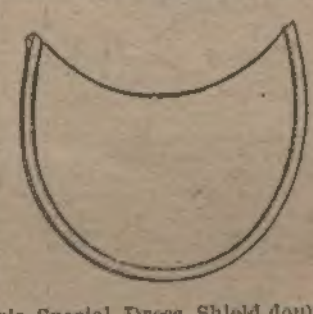
Val. Lace Edging and Insertion, each .15
Wider width .. .. .20



Val. Lace Insertion and Edging, each .5
Wider width, per yard 8



Val. Lace Insertion and Edging, each, .12
yard. Wider width .. .. .15



Murphy's Special Dress Shield, double Nainsook covered, guaranteed washable and perspiration proof, in sizes, 3 and 4.
Two pairs for .. .. .25

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN JEWELLERY FOR OUT-OF-TOWN CUSTOMERS

Sterling Silver Neck Chains, Regular, .75, for .. .. .50

Sterling Silver Lockets, for two portraits. Regular, $1.00, for .. .. .78

Single Stone 10k. Gold Birthday Rings. Regular, $1.50, for $1.28

Plain 10k. Gold Signet Rings. Regular, $2.00, for $1.48

14k Gold Filled Lockets, 5 year guarantee. Lockets are oval, round and heart-shaped. Some plain and set with pearls. Special $1.48

14k. Gold Filled Neck Chains, 5 year guarantee. Special $1.48

Fancy Agate Hat Pins, with brilliant setting. Regular, .25 for 8½

Black Jet Hat Pins. Regular, .25, for .. .. .12½

Beauty Pins, two on a card, our Special. Guaranteed 14k. filled. Special .. .. .19

Mourning Brooches, from .. ...25 to .50

Mourning Pins, two on card. Regular, .25, for .. .. .15

Mourning Necklets. Regular, .50 for .. .. .35

Sterling Silver Bracelets, with amethyst stone setting. Regular, $1, for .70

Our Men's Special Nickel Watches; guaranteed to give satisfaction; price with white metal chain. Special 1.50

Men's 14k. Gold-Filled Chains, guaranteed for 10 years. Special $1.50

Ladies' Large Button Pearl Earrings, for unpierced ears. Special .. .. .98

Large size Canadian Souvenir Brooches. Regular, .50, for .. .. .29